

GORDON & HIS FRIENDS



SARA CONE BRYANT



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GORDON AND HIS FRIENDS

Stories To Read Yourself

By
SARA CONE BRYANT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1925

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The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

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Foreword

Dear Grown-up Best Friend of the Child whose book this is:

I HAVE tried to make this little book so easy to read that the wee smallest ones can find fun in reading it for themselves. It will be a help to your own small one if you will read the story on the next page aloud to him before he begins.—(Of course “him” means “her,” too!) Will you please?

Gratefully yours,

SARA CONE BRYANT BORST

A Story to be Read Aloud to the Children

ONCE there was a little boy named Gordon. He had curly yellow hair and shiny blue eyes. Gordon lived in a big white house, on a hill, in a little green town, not far from the sea. His father and mother loved him dearly; his grandmother and his brother and sister loved him dearly. There was a brown pony in the barn, and there were black kittens in the house. The yard was big and green with grass, and in the barn was a jolly blue automobile. Now, don't you guess that Gordon had a good time?

Yes, he did. He had more good times than any other little boy I know. There was always somebody to play with. He played with his little friend Mary, who lived across the street. He played with Betsy, the pony, and with the kittens. He played with brother Dick and with mother.

Sometimes mother took him for a whole day at the beach. They packed their lunch in a basket, and went in the automobile. And when they got to the beach they had a most beautiful time. They went in bathing, they hunted for shells, they dug holes in the sand and watched the sea fill them up. They had lunch under a tree, and mother cooked on a tiny, little folding stove, like a doll's

stove. It was glorious fun, at the beach. Mother taught Gordon to swim. That was wonderful, too.

Sometimes Mary and Gordon had tea-parties and invited the kittens and the dollies.

Once some thoughtless boys made a fire on the hill behind Gordon's house. The fire ran in the grass and nearly burned Betsy up, in her pasture. It set fire to a house, too. The fire engine men had to come and put it out. It was terribly exciting.

Once a balloon man came along, and the wind blew all his balloons away from him, way up in the air. That was exciting, too. Something was always happening.

Sometimes things happened to Gordon. Once he had whooping cough. That was horrid. But it had a nice side, too. You couldn't guess what would be nice about whooping cough, could you? I'll tell you.

Gordon had an aunt, who loved him very much, just the way your nicest aunt loves you. This aunt was a story-teller, not a *wrong* story-teller you know! — but a person who made up jolly stories to tell. She could think of the most things! Gordon just loved to have his aunt come to his house, because she always told him some new stories. Maybe you know some of her stories; do you know the story about Epaminondas? Or about the Bicycle that Went by Itself? Or about Teddy Bear and the Mud Pie Mask? Those are all stories Gordon's aunt made. And there are ever and ever so many more.

When poor Gordon had the whooping cough, his aunt

made a whole book-full of stories for him, and Gordon's mother told them to him at night time, when the whooping cough kept him awake. That was the nice side of the whooping cough; to hear lots of new stories.

I can't tell you all the interesting things Gordon did and had, and what fun it was. But Gordon's aunt has made a Story-book about him, for you. She has put in the Story-book all the jolly things he did, and the happy things that happened to him, and the exciting things. And she has put in the stories she made for him, and for other little boys and girls. She has written it all down in easy words so that you can read it for yourselves.

This book you have in your hands is the Story-book Gordon's aunt made about Gordon; it is for you to read for yourselves.

If you turn a page you will see how Gordon looks. An artist who makes beautiful pictures has made many pictures for your book, showing Gordon, and the pony, and the fire, and all the many, many things that happened to Gordon and Mary.

It is all for you, your very own Story Reader. So now you can begin to read it. But, first, listen to the funny little verse Gordon's aunt made up for you. (See next page.)

DEAR CHILDREN:

The words in this book are so small,
I'm sure that you can read them all.
They tell a story that is true
About a real child, just like you.

I hope you will enjoy his fun,
And be so sorry when it's done,
That you will be in haste to look
Into your Second Story Book.

Your friend

THE AUTHOR



09

GORDON AND HIS PETS

Gordon has a big cat.
The big cat is black.



She is a mother cat.

The big black mother cat
has two kittens.

The two kittens are black,
but they are not big.
They are little.

Gordon calls the big mother cat
Blackie.

He calls one
little black kitten Mandy.
He calls the other
little black kitten Handy.

Gordon likes little Mandy and Handy.
He likes big Blackie, too.
He likes to play with Blackie
and Mandy and Handy.

Gordon calls,
“Come, Blackie !
Come, Handy, Come, Mandy !”

Blackie runs to Gordon.
Handy and Mandy
run after Blackie.
They all come to Gordon.
They like to play with him.

THE PETS AND THE BALL

Gordon has a big ball.
The ball is made of yarn.
Gordon rolls the ball
on the floor.

Little Mandy and Handy
run after the ball.
Big Blackie does not
run after the ball.
Blackie sits still.
She watches the ball.

Gordon holds the end of the yarn
in his hand.
When Mandy and Handy
run after the ball,
Gordon pulls the end of the yarn.
The ball jumps back.

The little kittens jump
for the ball.
But the ball is not there.
Gordon has pulled it back,
by the end of the yarn.

Blackie watches.
All at once Blackie jumps.
She does not jump for the ball.
She jumps for the yarn.



. She catches the yarn
in her paws.

She comes down on the ball.

Blackie is wiser
than the kittens.

She can catch the ball.

Blackie is a wise old mother cat.

Gordon laughs and pets Blackie.
He says,
“Wise Blackie!”

Mandy and Handy
sit and watch mother
with big round eyes.
They are very cunning.

Mandy and Handy
think mother is very wise.

They cannot catch the ball,
but mother can catch the ball.

All at once Mandy jumps.

She jumps for the yarn.

She catches the ball.

Mandy is wise like mother.

Handy watches Mandy
with big round eyes.

She is a cunning kitten.

Gordon runs and takes them
in his arms.

He says,

“ You are dear little kittens.

I love you.

Soon you will be big and wise
like Blackie.

But I do like you to be little.”



GORDON AND HIS FRIENDS

Gordon has a little friend.
Her name is Mary.
Mary lives across the street, with her
mother and father.

Mary has no kittens.
But Mary has a dog.
His name is Bruno.

Bruno is a black and brown dog.
He is black,
but he has brown spots
over his eyes.

Bruno is a good friend
to Mary and to Gordon.
Bruno likes to play,
and he likes to run.

So Gordon and Mary say,
“Come, Bruno! Come, Bruno!
We are going to the barn.”

Bruno runs across the street.
He barks.

That is his way of saying,
“I am coming!
I like to come with you.”

Then Blackie comes, too.
And the two black kittens,
Mandy and Handy,
run after Blackie.

Blackie is not afraid of Bruno.
Bruno is an old friend.
He does not hurt her.
He does not hurt her kittens.
He likes to play with them.

Mary says,
“Come, Blackie! How are you today?
And how are Mandy and Handy?
Come along, Kittens!”



They all go to the barn.
Gordon pulls the door open.
It is not the big barn door.
It is the little door
at the side of the barn.

Mary and Gordon and Bruno,
and Blackie, and the kittens,
all go into the barn.

THE PONY

What do you think is in the barn?

There is something nice in the barn.

There is something

Gordon and Mary like, in the barn.

Bruno and Blackie like it, too.

There is a pony in the barn!

It is not Gordon's pony.

It is Dick's pony

Dick is Gordon's brother.

Dick loves the pony.

The pony is brown.

She has a bright brown coat,
and bright brown eyes
and a long tail.

Her name is Betsy.

Betsy looks around
at Mary and Gordon and Bruno.
She makes a whinny.
It is her way of saying,
“I am glad to see you.
Please take me out!”

Gordon pats Betsy.
He loves Dick's pony.
Bruno barks.
It is his way of saying,
“Hello, Betsy !”

Betsy paws with her little hoof.
Gordon says,
“Wait a minute, Betsy,
Mother is coming.
She will let you out.”
Betsy is glad.



THE RIDE WITH THE PONY

Mother comes across the yard.

She opens the stall,

and leads Betsy out.

Betsy is so happy to get out

that she pulls Mother along.

Mother has to run.

Mary and Gordon run, too.

Bruno barks.

Betsy kicks up her heels.

Mother laughs. Mother says,

“Be quiet, Bruno! Be quiet, Betsy.”

Mandy and Handy run across the grass.

Blackie walks quietly.

It is a happy party.

Mother holds Betsy’s long rope.

Gordon gives Betsy a drink.

Betsy drinks from a pail.

She drinks a pail full of water.

Then Mother says,

“Do you want to ride, Mary?”

Mary says,

“Oh, yes, please!”

So Mother lifts Mary to Betsy’s back.

Mary takes a ride.

Mother walks beside Betsy,
holding the rope.

Gordon walks on the other side.

Bruno does not bark loudly.
He makes little noises.
It is his way of saying,
“What fun! Be careful, Betsy!
Hold on, Mary!”

After Mary has had a ride,
Mother says,

“Now you may ride, Gordon!”
Gordon laughs,
and jumps up and down.
He does not like to have
Mother lift him up.
He climbs on the stone wall,
and gets on Betsy’s back, all alone.
But Mother holds the rope.



Gordon says,
“Get up, Betsy!”
Bruno barks.
Blackie jumps at Betsy’s tail.
Betsy begins to run.
She pulls Mother along.
Mother has to run, too.
Mother thinks it is fun.

Betsy runs round the yard, three times,
with Mother holding the rope.

Then Mother says, “Whoa, Betsy !”
And Betsy stops.
Gordon slides down.

When Gordon touches the ground,
he sits down, hard.

“What is the matter, Gordon ?”
says Mother.

“Betsy goes round too fast,”
says Gordon.

“My head is going round, too !”

“Sit still, a minute,” says Mother.

Gordon sits still. Then he gets up.

“My head is all well now,” he says.
“Thank you for the ride, Mother.”

Gordon pats Betsy, and says,
“That was a good ride, Betsy.”



A DAY AT THE BEACH

One day Gordon went to the beach.
Mother and Grandmother
went to the beach, too.
Mother drove the car.
Grandmother and Gordon
sat in the car.
Gordon sat with mother.
Grandmother sat on the back seat.
Beside Grandmother, on the back seat
there was a basket.

In the basket was lunch
for Grandmother and Mother and Gordon.
Gordon could smell something sweet
in the basket.

It smelled like a very good lunch.

Mother drove the car fast,
but Mother was very careful.
She did not drive fast round corners.
She did not drive fast
in the city streets.

She drove fast on the country road.

They came near the beach.
There was yellow sand
beside the road.

There was white sand
beyond the yellow sand.
Beyond the white sand
there was blue water.

The blue water made curly wet lines
on the white sand.

Mother drove to the side of the road.

Mother stopped the car.

Grandmother got out slowly.

Gordon took hold
of Grandmother's hand
to help her.

Mother took the basket.

But Gordon said,

“Let me, Mother.
Let me take the basket.”

Mother said,
“Gordon is the man of this party.
He will take care of us.”

So Gordon took the basket.
He got out of the car carefully.
He held the basket carefully.

Mother said,
“ On the other side of the road
I see a stone wall.
One of the stones is flat.
The flat stone shall be our table
A tree hangs over the wall.
The tree will give us shade.”

Gordon went carefully
across the road.
He looked first
to see if cars were coming.
He put the basket down
on the flat stone.

Then he said,
“ May I play in the sand now ? ”
“ Yes,” said mother,
“ You may play in the sand
till I call you.”



FUN ON THE SAND

Gordon looked carefully
to see if cars were coming.
He ran across the street.
He ran to the smooth white sand.
He shouted, and he rolled over
on the sand, like Bruno.
He was happy.

Mother came and sat on the sand
She had an umbrella.
She opened the umbrella
and stuck the handle in the sand.
The umbrella made a little tent.
Mother sat in her umbrella tent,
and sewed.

Grandmother did not
come to the sand.
Grandmother sat under the tree.



Gordon dug in the sand.
He dug ponds.
His ponds filled up with water.
They were wonderful ponds.

Gordon ran to Mother many times.
He wanted her to see his ponds.
He wanted to tell her
what fun he was having.

Mother always looked at his ponds.
She said they were wonderful.
She said they were all having fun.

GOING IN BATHING

By and by Mother got up
from her umbrella tent.

She went to the car.

She shut all the curtains of the car.
Then she called Gordon.

Gordon ran to the car.
He got in, with Mother.
The car was like a little house.
All the curtains were shut.
Nobody could look in.

“Isn’t it fun, Mother!” said Gordon.
Mother undressed Gordon
and put on his little bathing suit.
Then Gordon ran back to his ponds.

After a few minutes
Mother came to him.
She had her bathing suit on.

Gordon put one foot in the water.
It was cold.

He put the other foot in the water.
The cold water tickled his foot.

Gordon said,

“I will get wet first!
I will beat you, Mother!”

Mother said,
“No, I will beat you.
I will get wet, all over, first.
The one who gets wet,
all over, first, beats.”

Gordon ran, and splashed
in the cold water.
The water came up to his knees.
He splashed with his hands, to get wet.
But he was not very wet,
above his knees.

Mother walked out into the cold water.
She walked out
till the water came to her waist.
She walked out
till the water came to her neck.

Then Mother said,
“Watch, Gordon!”
She put her arms over her head,
and she dropped right down,
under the water.
She was all under the water.

But Mother soon came up again.



The water ran off her face,
and it ran off her head.

She had a rubber cap on.

Mother said,

“I got wet first, all over ! I beat !”

Gordon said,

“Me, too ! Now watch me !”

Gordon bent his knees.

He thought he went down a long way.
But he only sat down
in a little bit of water.

He was not wet at all above his waist.

Mother said,

“Good ! Get wet some more !

After I have a swim
I will give you a swimming lesson.”

So Gordon splashed
and watched Mother.

MOTHER HAS A SWIM

Mother lay down on the water.
She lay on her side,
with one arm over her head.
She kicked with her feet, like a frog.
She pushed the water with her arms.
Mother was having her swim.

Mother talked with Gordon
while she was having her swim.
She said,

“Watch how I move my arms, dear.
Watch my feet kick. Watch carefully.”

Gordon watched Mother.
He wanted to learn to swim.

Mother rolled over in the water.
She put her face down in the water
and swam.

Then she held her head up, and swam.

Mother could swim many ways.
She liked to swim.

Then Mother rolled over
on her back.

She did not kick with her feet.
She did not push with her arms.
Mother lay still on the water.
She was floating.

“See me float, Gordon,” said Mother.
“I keep my head back in the water.
But the water does not
cover my nose, or my mouth.
It covers my ears,
but I do not care.

“I keep my arms out,
and my legs straight.
It is fun to float
on the water.”



GORDON FLOATS

“Let me float, Mother,” said Gordon.
So Mother came to Gordon.

She put one hand
under the back of his head.

She held his bathing suit in front,
with the other hand.

“Now lie back in the water,” she said.
Gordon was not afraid.

He had tried to float before.

He knew Mother would not let him go.

So Gordon lay back on the water.

When Gordon lay back on the water,
his head did not go under the water.
Mother held her hand under his head.

“Put your feet up, Gordon,”
Mother said.

Gordon lifted his feet.
The water floated them up.
It felt funny.
Gordon said, “Oh !”

Mother said,
“Do not be afraid.
Lie out flat. Lie out straight.
I will not let you go under.”

Gordon did lie out flat.
The water under him
was like a soft, soft bed.
He held his arms out in the water.

The water floated him
so softly, so softly.

Mother said,
“I am going to let go
your bathing suit.
But I am holding your head.
You are floating.”

Gordon was a little afraid.
He did not want his head
to go under.
He tried to be brave.

Then Mother lifted his head
out of the water, and said,

“Now put your feet down,
and stand up.
You may float again, soon.”

Gordon stood up,
and held on to Mother.

“Did I float, Mother?” he said.

Mother said,

“I took away my hand,
from under your head,
for just a minute.

You did not feel it.

You floated all alone.

Soon you can float as I do.”

Gordon was very happy.
He shouted to Grandmother,
“I floated! I floated all alone.
Did you see me float?”

Grandma said,
“I saw you, dear.
Was it great fun?
You can float better than I can.”

Mother took hold of Gordon’s hand.
They ran across the sand.

The sand was warm.

It felt very good on Gordon's feet.

They ran to the car, and got in.

There was a bath mat on the floor.

There was a big towel over the seat.

The water ran off Mother and Gordon.

But it ran on the mat.

It did not hurt the car.

Gordon took off his bathing suit.

Mother dried him with a towel.

She put on his clothes fast.



Gordon got out of the car
and ran to the umbrella tent.
He lay down on the sand,
in the umbrella tent.

The sun was very warm.
The water was very blue.
The sand was very white.
Gordon was very happy.
He looked at the water
till his eyes began to close.
His eyes closed, opened, closed.
Gordon was asleep.

LUNCH UNDER THE TREE

By and by Gordon was awake.
He opened his eyes.
Mother was standing near him.

Mother said,
“Did you have a good sleep ?
I hope you did.
I hope you are hungry, now.
Lunch is ready.”

“Oh, yes,” said Gordon. “I am hungry.
I was not hungry when I was asleep.
But now I am hungry.”

“Then come to lunch,” said Mother.
So Mother and Gordon
took hold of hands.
They went across the white sand
and across the yellow sand,
and across the road.



They came to the flat stone
in the stone wall, under the tree.
And there was lunch.
Lunch was on a white cloth,
on the flat stone, under the tree.
Grandmother was sitting near.

It was a good lunch.
There was hot soup.
Mother took the hot soup
out of a bottle.

There was bread and butter,
with jam on it.

The bread and butter
was in a white cloth.

There was yellow cake
and white milk.

Gordon ate his hot soup.
Then he ate his bread and butter,
with jam on it.
Mother gave him milk in his own mug.
She took the mug out of the basket.
Then Gordon ate his round yellow cake,
and drank his milk.

Gordon liked his lunch very much.

Grandmother and Mother
ate hot soup, too.

And they ate bread and butter
with jam on it.

But Grandmother and Mother
did not drink milk.

They drank tea.

Mother made tea.

Gordon watched Mother make tea
on a flat stone.

It was great fun.

She put the water
in a tiny, tiny kettle.

It was almost as little
as a doll's kettle.

She put the little kettle
on a tiny, tiny stove.

It looked just like a doll's stove.

Then she lighted the fire
in the tiny stove.

And soon the water in the tiny kettle
boiled for tea.

When Mother had made the tea,
she folded the tiny stove up flat,
and put it away in the basket.

“Let me cook on the cunning stove!”
said Gordon.

“Don’t put it in the basket.”

But Mother said,
“We have not time today.
Next time you may cook
on the little stove.
Now we must pack up.”

“Gordon will help us pack up,”
said Grandmother.

“Gordon is the man of the party.”

So Gordon took all the things
to Mother
and Mother put all the things
in the basket.

Grandmother put the white cloth
over all the things.

Then the cover
went over the white cloth.

“Now we have packed up,”
said Mother.

“What shall we play?”

“Please, I want to get stones!”
said Gordon.

“I want to take some round stones
to Dick.”

“Yes,” said Mother.
“You and I will take a walk
on the beach.

We will see

what the water can give us

to take home.

Will you come, Grandmother?"

"No, thank you, dear,"

said Grandmother.

"I will sit in the car,

and look at the water.

I may sleep a little."

So Gordon took the basket

across the street,

and put it carefully in the car.

Then Mother and Gordon took a walk

on the white sand,

near the curly water.

The white sand was hard

under their feet.

It was good to walk on.

Gordon ran up and down, like Bruno.
But he always came back to Mother.

Mother walked slowly.
She liked to look at the water
and the sand.

“Oh, see, Mother, see,” said Gordon.
“I have found a shell!”

The shell was pink inside.
It was very pretty.



THE SINGING SHELL

“That is a singing shell,”
said Mother.

“Put it up to your ear, Gordon.”

Gordon held the shell to his ear.
He heard a little low noise.

The noise was like the noise
of the water,

“*mur-mur, mur-mur, mur-mur!*”

“The shell sings
of the murmuring sea,” said Mother.

“Do you hear it?”

“What is ‘murmur’?” said Gordon.

“When I speak very softly and low,
it is ‘murmur,’ ” said Mother.

“Now I will murmur to you.”

And Mother said, very softly and low,
“I love Gordon down by the sea.

Down by the water Gordon loves me!"

"Oh, yes!" said Gordon.

"That does sound like the shell,
and like the water.

I know now what 'murmur' is."

Gordon put the shell in his pocket.

That was a wonderful walk,
down on the white sand,
by the murmuring sea.

Mother and Gordon found round stones,
and flat stones;
pink shells and white shells.

"The murmuring sea
gives us lots of things,"
said Gordon.

"I love to come to the beach, Mother."

"So do I," said Mother.

Then Mother looked at her watch.

“It is time to go, Gordon,”
she said.

“We must get to the train
in time to meet Daddy.
Let us run.”

Gordon did not want to leave
the happy sand and the curly water.
But he did want to be in time
for Daddy’s train.
So he ran.

Mother ran too.

They got into the car.

“Good-bye, dear beach,” said Gordon.

“Good-bye till another day,”
said Mother.

“We will come again,
to swim and float,
and look for murmuring shells.”

Mother turned the car around.

They drove down the road by the sea,
and along the country road.

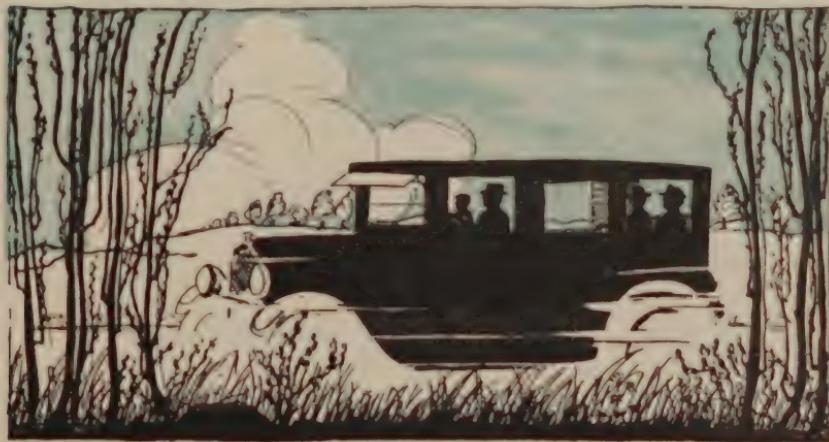
Mother drove fast but carefully.

They came to the train in time.

Daddy was glad to see them.

Daddy drove the car home.

Gordon sat beside Daddy
and told him all about the day
at the beach.



THE TEA PARTY

The next day, Mary came
to play with Gordon.

"We went to the beach, Mary,"
Gordon said.

"We went in bathing.

I got some shells.

Wait a minute, I will get my shells."

Mary put her doll down on the step.
Then she sat down on the step,
and waited.

The little black kittens,

Mandy and Handy,

came running up to the step,

to play.

"Hello, Kitties," said Mary.

"Dolly, this is Mandy, and Handy.

Make a bow to them, dear."



Dolly made a bow.

Maybe Mary helped her make a bow.

"Make a bow, Kitties," said Mary.
But Mandy and Handy made a jump.
They saw a butterfly.

They did not look at Dolly.

Maybe they did not care about Dolly.

"You have no manners, Kitties,"
said Mary.

Maybe the Kitties did not care.



Just then Gordon came
out of the house.

He had his hands full
of shells and round stones.
They played with the shells
and stones.

Then Gordon said,
“Mary, my Mother has
a teeny, weeny stove.
Wait; I will ask Mother
to let us play with it.”



Gordon ran into the house.
“Mother, dear,” he called,
“please do let us have
the little stove.
We want to make tea.”

Mother was very kind.
She put her sewing down,
and took the little stove
from the closet.

Mother said, "I will play with you.
We will have a tea party.
You may have a fire
in the tiny stove
if I play with you.
But you must never play with fire
when you are alone."

Mary and Gordon knew that.
They knew that they
must never play with fire.

Mary said, "How *nice!*
I just love to play tea party."

So Mother let Gordon fill
the tiny kettle with water.
And Mary set out
Gordon's doll-dishes
on the step.
The step was a table.

She set out cups and saucers,
and the sugar bowl,
and the little pitcher.

Then Mother let Mary
bring some sugar and some milk
from the kitchen.

And Gordon brought some cookies,
on a blue plate.



Then Mother brought
a little box of matches.

“Mary shall light the fire
very carefully,” Mother said,

“Gordon shall put the fire out
when the water has boiled.”

Mary lighted the match on the box
There was a little tin can
inside the tiny stove.
Mother took the cover off the can.

“Now hold the lighted match
over the can,” Mother said.

Mary held the lighted match
over the can, and a bright blue flame
came up from the can.

Mary said, “Oh!”
She dropped the lighted match
on the step.



Mother said, "Never drop
a lighted match."

Mother quickly put her foot
on the match.

So the match did not burn.

But inside the little stove,
the blue flame burned brightly.

Soon the tiny kettle
began to sing.

Soon the water was hot.

Soon steam came out.
The water was boiling.

"Now, Gordon, put the cover
on the can," said Mother.

"The fire will go out,
when the cover shuts it up."

Gordon took the cover
in his hand.

But he was afraid to put his hand
near the blue flame.

He dropped the cover.

It did not drop on the can.

“Try again, carefully,” said Mother.

This time Gordon put
the cover on the can.

The fire went out at once.

“The flame cannot live
without air to breathe,”
said Mother.

“It dies when you shut the air out.”

“Mary may put milk and sugar
in the cups,” said Mother.

“Now pour the boiling water
into the cups.

This is Cambric tea.

Cambric tea is good for children.”



Mary and Gordon ate cookies
and drank all the Cambrie tea
in their cups.

Mother drank, too.

Dolly had a cup.

Mary poured a little tea
into Dolly's cup.

"Dolly is not very hungry,"
said Mary.

“She does not drink afternoon tea every day.”

“Dolly has very nice manners,” said Mother.

“She does not talk when we are talking.”

Mary and Gordon laughed at Mother’s joke.

But Gordon said,
“Dolly does not drink her tea,
and she does not say,
‘Thank you.’
I think Mary and I
have nicer manners!”

Then Mother and Mary
laughed at Gordon’s joke.

Mother said,
“You all have nice manners.”

HOW MANDY FLOATED

After the tea party
Mother went into the house again.

Mary said, "Do you like
to go in bathing, Gordon?
I do not like the cold water."

"Oh, yes," said Gordon.
"I am a man.

I like cold water.
I can float!"

"Oh!" said Mary.

"I float like this," said Gordon.



He lay down on his back,
on the grass.

He held his arms and legs
out straight.

“See me float,” he said,
“It is fun.”

“I am going to make Dolly float!”
said Mary.

“I am going to make Mandy float,”
said Gordon.

“Yes! We will make Mandy float!”
said Mary.

Gordon ran into the house.
He took a big pail from the kitchen.
He put water in the pail.
The pail of water
was very hard to carry,
but Gordon did carry it.



Mary took the little black kitten
in her arms.

“You are going to learn to float,
Mandy,” she said.

“Isn’t that nice ?”

Mandy did not say “Yes.”
Maybe she did not know what to say.

Gordon put the pail of water
on the grass.

"Come here, Mandy," he said.

"I will put my hand under your head,
so it will not go under.

Do not be afraid."

Gordon put one hand
under Mandy's head ;
he took hold of Mandy's legs
with the other hand.

He put Mandy in the pail of water.

Then Mandy did say something.
She said, "Mew ! Mew ! Mew !"

And Mandy tried to get away.
She tried so hard
that Gordon could not hold on.
Gordon let go.

And poor Mandy dropped down
to the bottom of the pail !

"Oh, dear !" said Gordon.

"Get her out, quick!" said Mary.

Gordon got her out.

His suit was all wet.

Mandy was all wet.

Mandy cried very loud. "Mew! Mew!"

She jumped out of Gordon's arms.

She ran across the grass.

She ran into the kitchen
and hid under the stove.

Mother came out of the house.

"What is the matter?" said Mother.

"I heard one of the kittens crying."

"We wanted Mandy to learn to float,"
said Gordon.

"But she would not float," said Mary.

Mother looked at the pail.

"Poor Mandy!" said Mother.

"Where is she now?"



"She is in the kitchen," said Gordon.

"Poor Mandy," said Mother, again.

"Kittens cannot float.

They cannot swim.

They do not like the water.

Bruno can swim ;

he likes the water.

But Mandy cannot live in the water.

Never put a cat or a kitten in the water!"

"Oh," said Gordon. "Poor Mandy !

I will not make her float again."

"No," said Mother, "do not

make Mandy float again."

THE BALLOON MAN

The next day, Gordon was playing
near the kitchen door.

All at once he heard a whistle.

It was a shrill whistle.

It came again and again.

Gordon ran out to the street.

He looked up the street.

He looked down the street.

He saw the balloon man coming!

"Mother, dear," he called,

"Come out! Here is the balloon man!"

When Mother came out,
the balloon man was at the step.

He had many balloons,
red, yellow, green and blue.
The balloons were dancing
up and down in the wind.

The balloon man held them all
by the ends of the strings.

“Oh, please may I have one ?”
said Gordon,

“I have ten pennies in my bank.”

“Yes,” said Mother.

So Gordon ran into the house.
He got his ten pennies
and came out again.

Gordon looked and looked
at the balloons.

Then he said,
“I will have a blue one, please.”

He gave his pennies to the man.
The man gave him the blue balloon.

Gordon held the end of the string.
The balloon floated in the air,
but it did not float away.

Gordon ran up and down,
holding the string.

The blue balloon danced
up and down in the wind.

Mandy and Handy ran after Gordon.

All at once Gordon stood still.

He looked up the street.

In the air something was floating.

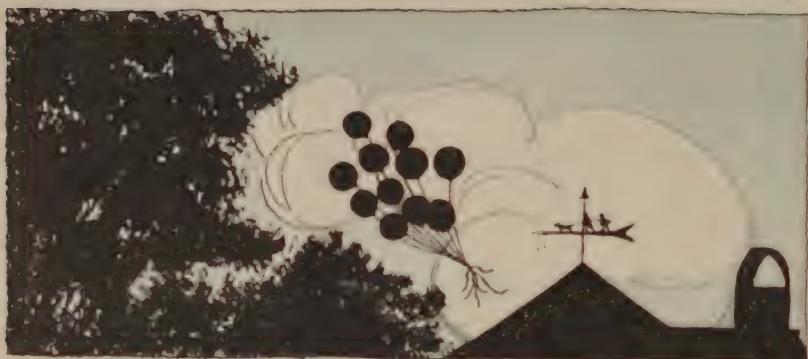
It was something very bright,
red, blue and green, in the sun.

It came nearer and nearer.

“Oh, my!” said Gordon, “Oh, my!
The balloon man has lost
all his balloons!

He has let go the end of the string!”

Then Gordon saw the balloon man.
He was running down the street.
He was looking up at his balloons.



But the balloons were blowing fast,
high up on the wind.

He could not catch them.

Mother came out. She said,
“Oh, the poor man!”

Dick came out. He said,
“Maybe the string will catch
in the telephone wires.”

But the string did not catch
in the telephone wires.

The balloons floated on and on,
red and blue and pretty in the sun.

BALLOONS IN THE TREE

All at once, Mother said,

“See, See! The string is catching!
It is catching in our oak tree!”

“It is, it is!” said Gordon.

High in the tree were the balloons,
red, blue, green and yellow,
dancing in the sun.

They did not float away,
The oak tree held them fast.

The balloon man came running up.
He said, “Oh, I can not get!
My balloons gone, gone!”

He did not know much English,
He was from Italy.

Then Dick said,
“I will get them for you,
I can get up that tree.”

The balloon man looked at Mother.
Perhaps he thought Mother
would say no.

But Mother said, "Yes, I think you can.
But be very careful."

Dick went and got Betsy.
He led her to the oak tree.
Mother held Betsy.
Dick got on Betsy's back.
Then he jumped up.

"Catch hold of the branch, Dick!"
said Gordon, jumping up and down.
Dick did catch the branch.
He held on, too!

Then up the tree he went.
Slowly, slowly, up and up!
He came to the balloons at last high
up in the tree.

Mother and Gordon and the man
all watched Dick.

Fanny came out and watched, too.

Dick got the end of the string.
He tied it around his arm.
Then he came down, carefully.
The balloons came down with him.
Not one was lost.

Mother patted Dick's arm.
Dick gave the balloons to the man,
“Thank, thank,” said the man,
“You are good boy!
I give you something; see!”

He gave Dick four balloons,
a red one, a yellow one,
a green one and a blue one!

Dick looked at Mother.
“I do not want pay,” he said.

BALLOONS FOR DICK

But Mother said, "Take them, Dick.
He wants to make you happy
as you have made him happy."

So Dick took the balloons.
He said, "Thank you, very much."
The man went away then.

Then Dick and Gordon
led Betsy back to the barn,
holding the dancing balloons.
Mother's car was at the door.

"Oh, Dickie," said Gordon,
"Let us trim Mother's car all up
with our balloons!"

"All right," said Dick.
So they tied the balloons
to the doors of Mother's car
by the ends of the strings.

When Mother came to get her car
to drive to the train for Father
she laughed and laughed.

"Father will think it is the
Fourth of July," Mother said.
Gordon said,

"I like it! It looks nice!"
The balloons floated in the wind,
red and blue, yellow and green.
They looked very pretty.

When Father got out of the train
he laughed, too.

"What is this?" he said,
"Is it the Fourth of July?"

"No," said Gordon, "it is just
the balloons that were in the tree."
So then Mother told Father
all about it.

When they got home,
Dick took the balloons off the car.
He took them in the house.

All at once Gordon said,
“My balloon is not so big;
it is getting little and soft!”

Dick said, “Mine are smaller, too,
and they do not float so high.
The gas is going out of them.”

Gordon looked at Dick
with very round eyes.
“Do they have gas inside?” he said.
“Gas, like the gas stove?”

“They have gas inside,” said Dick,
“but not like the gas stove.
The gas makes them float.
They can ride on the wind,
when they are full of gas.”

When the gas goes out of them,
they cannot float any more.

They have to come back to earth."

"Poor little balloons," said Gordon.
"I hope the gas will stay in mine.
So it can ride on the wind."

The gas did stay a long time
in Gordon's blue balloon.

All night it floated over his bed,
like a little moon.

It did not float away.

There was no wind to ride.

The next night it floated
close to his table.

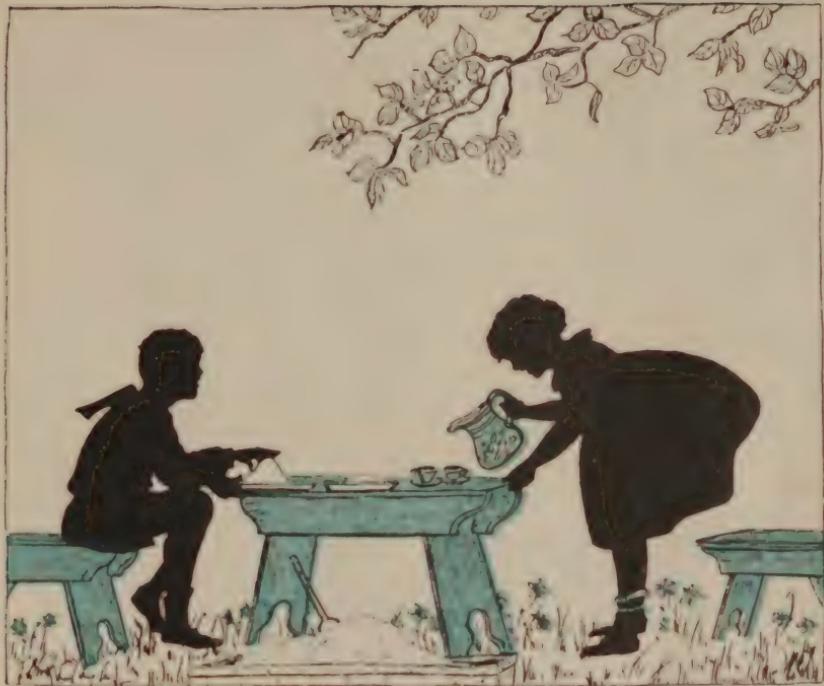
It was softer and smaller.

The next day the little balloon
came down to earth to stay.
Its gas was all gone.



So Gordon put it away, carefully,
in his toy box.

And there it lay, soft and still,
for a long time.



FIRE ON THE HILL

One day Gordon and Mary
were making mud pies.

They had Mary's tin dishes
and Gordon's blue pitcher.

All at once Mary said,

“Gordon, do you see those boys?

They are going behind your barn.
They are going up your hill."

"That is Freddie Bean
and Dan Miller," said Gordon.

"Why are they going
behind my barn?"

"I think they are hiding something,"
said Mary.

"See how they look round,
and keep their hands
in their pockets."

"Let's go see!" said Gordon.

"Let's," said Mary.

Softly, softly, Gordon and Mary
went up the hill.

The boys were on the other side
of the stone wall,
at the top of the hill.



Gordon took long steps.
Mary took long steps.
They did not make any noise.
It was fun to go so softly,
behind the stone wall.

When they came
to the top of the hill,
Gordon and Mary sat down to rest
on the grass,
behind the stone wall.
They forgot about the boys.
All at once Mary said,
“I smell something.
I smell something burning.”
“I do not smell anything,”
said Gordon.
“Something is burning,”
said Mary, again.
“It smells like burning grass.”
Gordon stood up.
He climbed on the wall, and looked.
“Oh, my!” he said. “Oh, my!
They have made a fire.”





Mary stood up.
She climbed on the wall, and looked.
She saw a little red
and yellow flame in the grass.

She saw white smoke over it.

Dan and Freddie were near
the little red and yellow flame.
They were laughing.

Gordon called out
as loudly as he could,

“ You put that fire out !
Boys must not make fires in grass ! ”

Dan and Freddie looked round.
They saw Mary and Gordon.
Then they looked very cross,
and a little afraid.

“ You keep still ! ” Freddie said,
“ We are going to put it out,
pretty soon.”

“ Well, you put it out, now ! ”
said little Gordon, bravely.
“ Huh ! ” said Freddie.

"Oh, let's put it out,"
said Dan to Freddie.

"He will tell."

The little red and yellow flame
was eating up the grass, fast.
The white smoke was getting bigger.
A puff of wind came;
the little flame jumped up high.
Now it was a big flame.

Dan and Freddie laughed.
"We will put it out, now,"
they said.

They ran and stamped
on the little flames.
They put one little flame out,
but new little flames came up.
There were new red
and yellow flames all around.



Dan and Freddie stamped
and ran about.
They ran and ran
and stamped and stamped.

But the little flames liked the wind.
They ran faster and faster.
Soon there was a big, black
burned place on the hill.
The red and yellow flames
grew bigger and bigger.

Dan and Freddie stamped
and stamped.

But the flames grew redder,
and the smoke grew bigger.
It was very hot.

Then Dan and Freddie were afraid.
They ran away, and hid !

But Gordon and Mary
ran as fast as they could
down the hill to Mother.
Mother was in the house.
They ran to the door.

"Mother, Mother," called Gordon.
"There is a fire on the hill.
Some boys made a fire in the grass."
Mother came out.

She went a little way up the hill.
She saw a big cloud
of white smoke.

Then Mother went very fast
to the telephone.

She said,

"Fire Department, please."

Then she said,
"This is Mrs. Hall,
at number 20, Pleasant Street.
There is a bad grass fire
on the hill.

It is near the Lane House
on South Street."



MOTHER SAVES BETSY

Then Mother came out, and said,
“See if Betsy is in the barn.”

Gordon ran to the barn.
Betsy was not in her stall.

“Mother,” Gordon shouted,
“Dick must have put Betsy on the hill.”

“Yes,” said Mother.

Then how Mother did run, up the hill !
As she ran, she called,
“Tell Fanny to telephone Mrs. Lane.”

Gordon and Mary ran to the kitchen.
Fanny was making lunch.

"Fanny, the hill is on fire!"
said Mary.

"Mother went to get Betsy,"
said Gordon.

"She says for you to telephone
Mrs. Lane," said Mary.

"My land!" said Fanny.



She came out
and looked up the hill.
She saw a big cloud of smoke.
Some people stopped their car
on the street,
and got out to look.

Fanny went to the telephone, fast.
Gordon and Mary went
up the hill again.
They were tired
when they got to the top.
They came to the gate in the wall.
The fire was not near the wall.
The red and yellow flames
and the black smoke
were running right over
to the Lane House.

“I see Mother!” shouted Gordon.

“I see Betsy!”

“Oh, oh, they are in the fire!”
cried Mary.

“No, they are not in the fire,”
said Gordon.

“They are on the other side
of the fire.

Betsy was tied over there.”

“How will they get out? Oh, dear!”
Mary began to cry.

“They will get out
by the Lanes’ gate,”
said wise little Gordon.

“Mother is leading Betsy out now.”
The wind came,
and pushed the smoke away
for a minute.
So they saw the Lanes’ gate.



Gordon and Mary saw Mother
holding Betsy by the rope
and leading her out.

Betsy was afraid.

They could see that Betsy was afraid.
But she went with Mother.

Mother was leading Betsy out
by the Lanes' gate.

Then they saw Mrs. Lane.

Then there was a big noise,
down in the street,
at the foot of the hill.
The Fire Engine was there !

The Firemen came up the hill.
Other people came, too.
There were boys and men and girls.
The Firemen had shovels,
and old brooms.

The Firemen went into the field.
They beat the flames
and beat the flames, with the brooms.
When new little flames came up,
they put earth on top of the flames,
with the shovels.

“See,” said Gordon.
“They put dirt on the fire,
so it cannot get any air.”

Mother says fire cannot live
without air."

All at once a Fireman shouted,
"The house! The roof is on fire!"

All the Firemen ran
to the Lane House.

Pretty soon, Gordon and Mary
saw two men on the roof.

The Firemen put the fire out
on the roof.

They were just in time.



By and by the Firemen went away.
All the people went away.
All the good green grass
was black, and hot, and smoking.

Mary and Gordon took hold of hands
and went down the hill.
They went slowly.
They were tired.

“Betsy cannot eat the grass
on the hill, now,” said Gordon.
“Betsy’s grass is all burned.”

“I think Mrs. Lane will have
to have the roof mended,”
said Mary.

“I think Dan and Freddie
will be sorry!” said Gordon.

When Gordon and Mary
came down the hill, they saw Betsy.

Betsy was tied
on the grass, near the barn.
Mother was there,
and Mary's Mother was there.

Mary's Mother said,
“I was afraid
you were too near the fire.
Do not run to a fire again.”

Gordon's Mother said,
“No, do not go near fires.
But you were very good children
to come so fast to tell me
about this fire.

I think you saved Betsy
from being burned.”

“Maybe we saved
the Lane House, too,”
said Gordon.

Gordon and Mary were tired.
But they were very happy.
And both Mothers were happy, too.
They were glad the fire
had been stopped in time.

“I am hungry, Mother,” said Gordon.

“I am hungry, too!” said Mary.

“Come right home to lunch, Mary,”
said Mary’s Mother.

“Our lunch is ready, too,”
said Gordon’s Mother.

“Good-bye, Mary,” said Gordon.

“Good-bye, Gordon,” said Mary.

“Good-bye,” said the two Mothers.

And they all went in the house
to eat their lunch.

Fanny had made a nice lunch
for Mother and Gordon.

FREDDIE AND DAN

After lunch

Gordon sat on the steps.

He was tired.

He did not want to play.

Mother came and sat near him.

Mother was tired, too.

Soon they saw some one coming.

Three people were coming
down the street.

It was Freddie Bean's Mother
with Freddie Bean and Dan Miller.

They came into the yard.

Mrs. Hall said,

"How do you do, Mrs. Bean?
How do you do, Freddie, and Dan?"

Mrs. Bean said,

"How do you do, Mrs. Hall?"



Freddie and Dan have come
to tell you something."

Freddie had been crying.
His eyes were red.
Dan had been crying, too.
His eyes were red.
They did not look happy.

Freddie said, in a very low voice.
“ We lighted the fire, for fun.
We thought we could put it out.
We did not mean to hurt Betsy
or anything.
We are sorry.”

Gordon’s Mother was surprised.
“ Why, Freddie !” she said.

Freddie hung his head.
Dan hung his head.
They looked very unhappy.
Mrs. Bean said,
“ The boys cannot go to the beach
any more, for two weeks.
They cannot go outside the yard
for one week.
It is to make them remember
not to play with fire again.”

"I am sure they will remember," said Mrs. Hall,

"Now they know how hard it is to put a fire out."

"Yes, we will," said Dan.

"We thought it was such a little fire we could put it out, any time."

"Fire is like that," said Gordon's Mother.

"One minute,
it is a pretty little thing, like a kitten.
It does no hurt.

Then you can put it out.

The next minute
it is a fierce great thing, like a tiger.
Then you cannot put it out.
And it eats up everything."

Dan and Freddie nodded their heads.

“The Lanes’ house
might have burned,”
said Mrs. Bean.

“And Betsy might have been hurt,”
said Freddie. “I would not hurt Betsy.”

“Oh, no,” said Dan
“We never would hurt Betsy.”

“I know you would not,”
said Mrs. Hall.

“But fire hurts everything.”

“We will never, never
play with fire again,”
said Freddie.

“Make fires only in stoves
and fireplaces,”
said Mrs. Hall.

“And only when Father
or Mother says ‘yes.’”

"We will remember," said Dan.

"Indeed we will," said Freddie.

"I am sure you will,"
said Gordon's Mother.

So Mrs. Bean and Freddie and Dan
said, "Good-bye,"
and went home.

Mary and Gordon went
into the house.

Gordon said, "Mother dear,
Please play me a little tune."
Mother sat down at the piano.
She played and sang
a little tune to Gordon.

Gordon sat very still
and listened.

He was glad to sit still
and listen to the little tune.



THE NIGHT AFTER THE FIRE

It was bedtime at Gordon's house.
Gordon was in bed.
Mother had said prayers with him.
It was dark.

But Gordon could not go to sleep.
He could not keep his eyes shut.
When he shut his eyes,
he saw little red and yellow flames.

The little red and yellow flames
were all around, in the dark

"Dickie! Dickie!" Gordon shouted,
"I want a drink of water!"

Dick came to Gordon's bed.
He gave Gordon a drink of water.

"Stay with me, Dickie," said Gordon.

"Oh, no, you must go to sleep,"
said Dick.

And he went away.
Gordon saw the flames again.



Gordon rolled over in bed
and put his head under the pillow.
But the red and yellow flames
were all around, in the dark.
They hurt his eyes.
His eyes were hot.

Gordon began to cry.
Father came to his bed.
Father said, "What is it, Gordon ?
What do you want ?"
"I want — I want — I want Mother,"
said Gordon.

"Mother has a friend with her,"
said Father.
"Tell me what you want."
"I am hot," said Gordon.
Father opened the other window.
One window was open.

“Now don’t cry any more,” he said
“It is nice and cool.
Go to sleep like a good boy.”

And Father went away.

Gordon rolled over
on the other side.

He pushed the pillow away.
He put his hands over his eyes.

But the red and yellow flames
were all around, just the same.

And he felt very warm.

He thought about Betsy.

He thought, maybe, Betsy
was hungry for green grass.

All at once
Gordon began to cry very hard.
Mother came to his bed.
Mother took him in her arms.



She put her cool hand
on his hot eyes.

“What is it, darling?” Mother said.

“It is the fire,” Gordon cried.
“I see it in my eyes!
It is so hot and red!
It will not go away.
The flames are all around.”

“Oh,” said Mother, “I see.
You were too tired.

So your eyes cannot forget.
Mother will make the fire go away."

Mother went to the bathroom.

She wet Gordon's wash-cloth
in hot water.

She put it on his eyes.
The hot cloth felt good.

By and by Mother went
to the bathroom again.

She wet Gordon's wash-cloth
in cold water.

She put it on his eyes.
The cold cloth felt good.

Then Mother put her two hands
on Gordon's forehead,
and rubbed his hair very softly.
Her hands were cool.
They felt very good.

And she said, in a very soft murmur,
“There is no more fire on the hill.
The little stars are out in the sky,
the little winds are blowing cool.
The birdies are asleep
in their nests.

Betsy is asleep in the barn.
Bruno is asleep in his house.
The murmuring sea
is singing to the sand.

“And Mother has made
a sleepy song for Gordon.
Mother will sing the sleepy song — ”

Then Mother put Gordon back in bed.
She rubbed his little head
very softly.
And she sang in a soft, soft murmur,
this little song.



THE SLEEPY SONG

“ Here’s a round silver dollar,
A dollar for you.
We’ll go to the market
And what will we do ?
We’ll buy a fat sheep,
And a pony to ride,
A bossy to keep
And a piggy beside.
A wee, little, spry, little piggy, beside ! ”



"Here's a beautiful basket,
 A basket for you.
 We'll go to the market
 And what will we do?
 We'll buy a gold ring,
 And a Banbury tart,
 A cake for a king
 And a little red cart.
 A dear, little, gay, little, tippy cart!"



“Here’s a brown copper penny,
A penny for you.
We’ll go to the market,
And what will we do ?
We’ll go to the fiddler
Who fiddles for pay,
And buy us a song
For our penny today.
A sweet little song for our penny today !”

“Then lay on your pillow
That wee sleepy head.
Creep under the covers
And cuddle in bed.
For the pony and cart,
The piggy and sheep,
The ring and the tart
Will be yours in your sleep.
They are waiting, just waiting
until you’re asleep!
Waiting until you’re asleep!”

Gordon lay still.
His eyes were shut.
He could see the fat sheep,
and the spry little piggy,
and the little red cart,
with his shut eyes.

He could see the pony,
just like Betsy,
and the big cow,
brown and white.

He could see the Banbury tart
on a blue plate,
with a ring beside it,
a bright gold ring,
all yellow and shining.

He did not see the fire at all.
He liked the sleepy song.

Mother sang the song
Once, twice, three times.
Then Mother stopped,
for Gordon was asleep.
So Mother kissed him,
and said, very softly,
“Good Night.”



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GORDON
AND HIS
FRIENDS

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